exhaustion

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/17099729.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Overwatch (Video Game)
Relationship:	Jesse McCree/Hanzo Shimada
Characters:	Jesse McCree, Hanzo Shimada, Lena "Tracer" Oxton, Genji Shimada
Additional Tags:	Hurt/Comfort, Fluff, Anxiety Attacks, tracer is a helpful lesbian, Sleepy Kisses, Angst with a Happy Ending, Genji Shimada is a Little Shit, happy holidays!
Language:	English
Collections:	2018 Overwatch Secret Santa!
Stats:	Published: 2018-12-22 Words: 2,006 Chapters: 1/1

exhaustion

by gothcowboy

Summary

Hanzo has had a hard week. Jesse is determined to take care of him.

Notes

Hope you enjoy! <3 Happy holidays!

See the end of the work for more notes

The moon shines down brightly as another wooden arrow fletching worries between calloused fingers. The blue feather's tiny vanes shiver in the wind and are soon covered by the frost of cold breath. An inhale, an exhale. There's no shake in Hanzo's hand as he releases the shaft and watches it sail through the wooden exterior of the range, then the air and straight into the target.

Strike.

It hits the target, bullseye, with a satisfying thump. Another huff of cold air comes out of his mouth as he reaches for another arrow. His body aches with familiarity but also exhaustion as his arm draws back. A familiar sense engulfs him and causes his blood to warm. He shoots, and it's like the rush of the battlefield comes back to him all at once. Russia, earlier this week, Hanzo was flicking arrowheads into the hearts of Talon operatives like nothing. There's yelling in his eardrums, snow surrounding him and an overall feeling of intensity in his chest. His pulse is racing and his grip tightens; the tireless dragons are stirring within him and rearing their heads with a growl.

Strike.

The dragons cave in and Hanzo falls under their hunger, making the archer feel like he does not even control it anymore. Another arrow shoots and then another until it's an automatic movement.

Strike, strike, strike.

His mind chants as the spearheads clip through one another. It's the only other thought, along with the imagery of the blood in the freshly fallen snow and the hard grit of his teeth as his eyes narrow in focus. His breath is ragged and he's shooting a storm like the one in his veins.

It's a single gunshot, one differing from his own, The sound shoots a metaphorical bullet through his heart and into the paper target as it jolts fear into him.

Bullseye.

Hanzo doesn't realize he's panting until after the fact. He drops his bow to the dirt-ridden ground and puts a strong hand onto the wooden fence, shaking hard now. It's not until he hears the sound of spurs rearing behind him that he stops.

Jesse doesn't say anything, at first. His concerned silence speaks volumes, and the cowboy nestles up close to his side. From his peripheral, the dragon's eyes can peek at a cigar held tightly at McCree's mouth. Usually, it hangs lazily from the large grin his lover sports as he talks nonsensically. He moves to pluck it from his lips and digs it into the fence, snuffing it. It takes Hanzo just an inch of pride stripped from him to make sure he spoke first.

"I am *fine*," the archer blurts out, rushed and embarrassed. There is no reason to lie, he knows that, but the last thing he wants to do is trouble Jesse. His own mind is clouded with thoughts that will take over him if he opens the dragon's maw, so instead, his hand reaches for his bow

and quiver set. A palm is held up to the cowboy's chest and their eyes meet. Tears are welling at Hanzo's eyes and the amber eyes looking back at him dilate. Firmer this time, he speaks, "You need not worry, please."

It's one of the few times Jesse can't get a word in, as Hanzo is already walking away.

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The morning after is rough, to say the very least. Jesse hasn't seen his boy since the night prior and it nitpicks at his brain. He's so in focus that Lena looks at oddly during mesh hall, sitting across from him at the long table.

"You look really tired, Jess, you sleep okay?" Lena asks, spoon only halfway into her breakfast. Bless the girl's heart, the genuine concern in her voice was almost tangible. He, truthfully, hadn't slept from the moment he found Hanzo trembling outside. It must be the eyebags.

"I'm okay, ain't the one I'm worried about right now," his thumbs twiddle together and he sighs. "Where's Hanzo today, hon?"

She ponders for a second before shaking her head, "I haven't spotted 'im..No, not since we got offa the ORCA." Her expression turns somber as she sticks the spoon in her mouth. "He probably isn't doing too good though. The last night of the mission was real tricky."

"Tricky, huh." A sigh leaves McCree's mouth and he places his palms on the table. Hanzo's strong-willed; he's seen enough shit to put a man into his grave and caused even more to dig him even deeper. Yet he's stubborn enough to not want to take care of himself- to process and let himself breathe. "Alright, I'ma go see if I can find him."

Lena nods, hand cupping her own face as she looks up at McCree. "Be patient with him, Jess. Don't push him too hard now!" His teeth grit hard, but he forces a smile for the girl as he walks away.

See, Jesse McCree is a very patient man. From playing solitaire with himself and biding his time on a stakeout to waiting for the perfect moment to quickdraw and mark his target in the midst of a shootout: patience was key. It was a skill the gunslinger was more than well versed in, too. Years of waiting, exploring the world for a purpose after the fall of Overwatch had taught him that good things come to those who wait.

Its only objective, though. He's a passionate man with a mouth that won't quit and it is especially wide when people he cares about are spiting towards themselves. A double bladed sword, of course. Perhaps that's what attracted him to Hanzo in the first place, his self-security.

The soles of his cowboy boots step loudly throughout the corridors. A few ideas on how to treat Hanzo pass through his mind; the base doesn't exactly have the best food for a date, nor the rooms are exactly romantic enough for his tastes. Their jobs don't exactly allow for dates out but...well, maybe he's getting ahead of himself. His boy deserves something nice.

Either way, he wasn't going to let Hanzo suffer alone. Despite the cold front he displays off to people, Hanzo's a damn good consultant. The man knows near everything about him at this point. Even when he blows up on the archer, the other manages to keep a cool head. There have been times where Jesse doesn't believe he's good enough, not worth being back here or times where he questions everything he's known. He's not a good person and hell, no one is, but Hanzo's always been the one to bring him down to Earth once again and knock some sense into him.

Hanzo needs him now, even if he won't admit or accept it, and Jesse is more than adamant to help him.

It takes him at least a few hours until he finally gets a breakthrough. The base is spacious, construction from after the fall and people left in right. Jesse sees a few friendly faces on his journey, asking around all too casually to find his lover. It's not until he finds Genji, leaning against the wall playing one of the games he's seen Hana play. He's not surprised to see Genji playing it at all; the guy's a nerd- cyborg or not.

"You are looking for my brother," the metal man speaks without looking up before McCree can even open his mouth. His own eye twitches and lifts a finger.

"Yeah, where's he at?"

"Have you truly been looking all day, Jesse?" There's a flicker of a mischevious tone in his voice that makes the cowboy suspicious.

His eyes narrow. Something is definitely up. "Not that long, but it's been a hot minute."

McCree groans. Despite his face mask being fully equipped, Genji has an audible smile beaming on his face that the cowboy can see right through.

"Such a serious search, and yet you still haven't checked his room?" There it is. A long, embarrassed sigh has Jesse pulling his hat over his head. Damn these Shimadas with taking all his words. He muffles a thank you and switches his step back down to the dorm-like hallways.

Hanzo's personal quarters is a place he's only been a few times, yet the map to it is engrained in his memory. A minute in a half passed until he finally stood on his haunches, staring willingly at the oak door. The tan man strips off his gloves, straightens out his shirt collar and knocks on the door with no hesitation. There's a minute before there's an answer.

"You..You do not need to console me, McCree."

The Shimada hiding sounds broken, something he hasn't heard since he met the man originally.

"Oh, it's McCree now, ain't it," the cowboy grumbles, scratching at his chin. "Come on, Hanzo. I want to, so open up before I break the damn door down."

↠↞

A tense, hard feeling hits Hanzo's body like its nothing. He's been locked in his room all day, the dragons in his chest nonstop with their stirring. Those strong hands still feel the ache of the days before, and he can barely open the locks. The extensive exhaustion all throughout his body is tiring to the point where as soon as he sees Jesse's roughed up, loving face, he breaks.

He hasn't cried since Genji fell dead by his own hands. Instinctively, Jesse's hands were wrapped around him. The very same calloused hands that he feels on him on the tender nights, cupped under his arms and holding on hard. Hanzo's body is shaking but a different kind; this isn't the dragons or the anger or anything of the sort. This is Hanzo Shimada in the most vulnerable form, and gods know McCree is one of the only people who will ever see it.

"Sugarpea," Hanzo hears that soft, accented voice in his ear. He feels like melting. "You can let go. It's alright."

"I," his own voices comes out gruffer, deeper than usual. Tears are streaming from his eyes now, so he grasps for the only thing he can think of. "I need you, Jesse. I don't want to think right now, I cannot-"

"No," Jesse says immediately, "I ain't. It ain't the time for that, your mind needs to calm down." He unwraps a hand to take his boyfriend's hand and seat him onto the Overwatch mandated bed. There are silk covers, special ones Jess bought him from Hanumara when they visited for their first anniversary. Despite the time passed, they're still so soft and it's comforting around his body. It takes a good minute, but his breaths finally slow to the point of being coherent.

And despite this, to Jesse, Hanzo looks beautiful. He always looks amazing, even if he doesn't try but times like these make it so especially coherent. The cowboy's heart is beating and he can't help but press a soft kiss to the other's cheekbone.

"Hey now," Jesse's voice resembles the one Hanzo has heard when talking to something untamed. It's comforting, soft. "You're just fine, dollface. Nothin' gonna hurt you around here."

Hanzo tries to work out an apology for being such a bother, a plague to Jesse's mind but no, his boyfriend won't take it. Instead, the cowboy pulls him closer and holds him tight in a side-hug.

"Lay with me," Hanzo demands in a soft tone, putting a hand on the padded chest before him. "Nothing..inappropriate. To be held is all I want. Tomorrow, we will talk."

"Can do, darlin'," McCree hums and watches his love get comfortable on the bed. He reaches over, turning the lamp off and dressing down. "Goodnight, Han. Love you."

It becomes quiet, nothing but the creaks of the building and slow breathing between the both of them. Tranquility, something Hanzo has always never grasped, is sating his dragons. A small, kind smile spreads on his face and he looks over to McCree as he slips under the covers.

“I love you too, Jesse. Thank you.”

End Notes

this was a lot of fun! i'm not used to writing softer things like this, so hopefully it came out alright. mchanzo is a cute ship and i enjoy their dynamic and its possiblities.

feel free to talk about overwatch dorks w/ me on twitter (@crowpawz)!

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